

# DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

VOL. 2---NO. 233.

MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1883.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## THAT TEXAN CATTLE MAN.

[By Joaquin Miller.]

We rode the tawny Texan hills,  
A bearded cattle man and I;  
Below us laughed the blossomed rills,  
Above the dappled clouds blew by,  
We talked. The topic? Guess. Why, sir,  
Three-fourths of man's whole time he  
keeps

To talk, to think, to be of her;

The other fourth he sleeps.

To learn what he might know of love,  
I laughed all constance to scorn.

"Behold, you happy changeable dove!

Behold this day, all storm and morn,

Yet now 'tis changed to cloud and sun,

Yea, all things change—the heart, the  
head;

Behold on earth there is not one

That changeth not," I said.

He drew a glass, as if to savor.

The plain for steers raised it and sighed.

He caressed his neck, this cattle man.

Then drove the cork home and replied:

"For twenty years (forgive these toasts)

For twenty years no word of strife—

I have not known for twenty years

One folly from my wife."

I looked that Texan in the face—

That dark-browed, bearded cattle man.

He pulled his beard; then dropped in place.

A broad right hand, all scarred and tan,

And toyed with something shining there.

From out his holster keen and small,

I was convinced. I did not care

To argue it at all.

But rest I could not. Know I must

The story of my Texan guide;

His blithous love, enduring trust;

His blessed, immortal bride.

I wondered, marvelled, marvelled much.

Was she of Texan growth? Was she

Of Saxon blood, that boasted such

Eternal constancy?

I could not rest until I knew—

"Now twenty years my man," said I

"Is a long time." He turned and drew

A pistol forth, also a sigh.

"It's twenty years or more," said he,

"Nay, nay, my honest man, I vow

I do not doubt that this may be;

But tell, oh! tell me how.

"Twould make a poem true and grand;

All time should note it near and far;

And thy fair, virgin, Texan land

Should stand out like a winter star,

America should heed. And then

The doubtful French beyond the sea—

Twould make them truer, nobler men

To know how this may be."

"It's twenty years or more," urged he.

"Nay, that I know, good guide of mine;

But lead me where this wife may be,

And I a pilgrim at the shrine,

And kneeling as a pilgrim true!"

He scowled, shouted in my ear:

"I cannot show my wife to you;

She's dead this twenty year."

## STAGE COACH AND RAILROAD.

In those good old days—"all days are good when old," says Byron—the "Bull" in Aldgate, the "Swan with Two Necks" in Ladd Lane, the "Angel" at Islington, and the "White Horse Collar," Piccadilly, were the great coaching houses of London. Merely to hear these names mentioned brings to the old-timer pleasant fancies of traveling by mail through merry roads, with blooming hawthorn and chestnut trees, the larks singing afloat, the village bells and the smith's hammer tinkling in the distance, and the roadside inn with its swinging sign and its snow-white watering-trough, its baxom landlady, and its bustling hostlers. At each of these hotels from 400 to 600 horses were stabled, and their work was confined to within fifty miles of the metropolis. How many coach-horses would be required to-day to accommodate the ingress and egress of the travelers coming to and going from the modern Babylon?

When I was a boy I well remember the transportation of the sea coal from the "bank," as the pit's mouth was called, to the barges on the Tyne by means of steam, but nobody ever dreamt of being carried themselves by such a motive power, and everybody laughed at the Liverpool merchants and bankers who first entertained the idea, and brought into the house of commons the bill for the Liverpool and Manchester railway. Joe Hume, "sam toffle Joe," declared it a preposterous notion that a speed of four miles an hour could be attained, and kept up with a tea-kettle for a horse.

But somehow or other it was impossible to stop the advent of steam. Canal companies and coaching combinations howled about the ruin of vested interests, and while a tram-road at a colliery, or a lift from the Tyne or Wear Side was all very well, the idea of a machine that would either push or pull a load in addition to moving itself was the height of absurdity.

The first time it was actually done, I was not, like John Gilpin, "there to see," but it was about 1820, and the journey was made from Stockton to Darlington, ninety tons being drawn eight miles an hour.

All this time George Stephenson and his son Robert were busy at work, and the "Rocket" was the result, and on the 15th of September, 1830, it and seven other locomotives, built on the same model, were ready at Liverpool for the grand opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway. I was but a young shaver then, but I was there, went all the way from Ramsay, Huntingdonshire, way down in the Isle of Elyfens, with my father, to see the "new-fangled failure," but somehow it did now prove a failure after all, and but for one sad serious accident, was a glorious day an a decided triumph. What a day that was for Liverpool! Every instrument of music in the city, and for 100 miles around, had been got together and were being seraped, blown, beaten, twanged and operated upon at once, to an accompaniment of church bells and boomin cannon. Every house-top was crowded flags were flying from every available eminence. Thousands upon thousands of people lined both sides of the road for miles, with expectation to be ripened into wonder and admiration market upon their faces. And didn't the May-

chester ale flow! Barrels were tapped in the streets, and temperance was nowhere. It was about 11:30 in the forenoon when all was ready, and the "Northumbrian" led the way. There were four carriages to each engine, making eight separate trains, carrying altogether near upon 1,000 people. The road was a double track, but both tracks were employed, the first train monopolizing one, and the other seven following each other on the parallel line. The start was at length made, without any mishap. Away went the first passenger trains ever run in England or elsewhere, down the Sutton incline and over the Sankey viaduct, seventeen miles to Parkhurst, the "Northumbrian," carrying Wellington, Peel, William Huskisson, M. P. for Liverpool, and other notables, accelerating or retarding her speed on the south line to permit her crew to examine any points of interest or see the other trains skim over their way. All went well up to this point, but here occurred that fatal accident which made the opening of the first railroad a day of mingled joy and sorrow—joy for the success of the undertaking, and sorrow for the catastrophe which deprived Liverpool of its newly elected member of parliament, free trade one of its earliest champions, and Great Britain one of her most experienced diplomats and eloquent orators. While the locomotives were taking in water Mr. Huskisson quit his carriage and went to shake hands with the Duke of Wellington. While so doing the Rocket passed on the other line, the M. P. became confused and frightened and in his flurry ran on the track. In vain the engineer tried to stop the engine. It ran over the statesman, breaking both legs and thigh, and otherwise so injuring him that he died the same night, after being carried to the vicarage of Eccles. The journey of the trial trains was made to Manchester, but a gloom which could not be dissipated had been cast over the day, and the triumph of the engineering consummation was saddened by death.

## THE VALUE OF TRADES TO BOYS.

Chicago Tribune,

Statistics recently collected at the eastern Pennsylvania penitentiary show that of 780 young men received there under 21 years of age, 755 had no trades. There was plenty of education among them, as 572 were graduates of schools. Such startling figures as these are an unanswerable argument in favor of manual training schools. They show that our public schools are turning out boys who are not prepared for any occupation or any form of manual labor, and that mere book education is no protection to society against crime. These boys, miffled for any kind of manual work, naturally drift into the easiest occupations they can find, and there is nothing easier than drifting into no occupation, and thence into crime.

## THE PUBLIC PRINTER.

BILL NYE in Detroit Free Press.

Very few of the great mass of humanity know who makes the beautiful public document with its plain, black binding, and its wealth of statistics. Few stop to think that hidden away from the great work-a-day world, with eyelids heavy and red, and with finger nails black with antimony, toiling at his ease hour after hour, the public printer during the session of congress is setting up the thrilling chapters of The Congressional Record, and between times vanquishing the Washington press backward and forward, with his suspenders hanging down, as he prints this beautiful seaside library of song.

We are too prone to read that which gives us pleasure without thought of the labor necessary to its creation. We glide gayly through The Congressional Record, pleased with its more attractive features—viz: its ayes and nays—little thinking that Sterling P. Rounds, the public printer, stands in the subdued gaslight with his stick half full, trying to decipher the manuscript of some reticent representative whose speech was yesterday delivered to the junior as he polished the porcelain cuspide of congress.

This is a day and age of the world when men take that which comes to them and do not stop to investigate the pain and toil it costs. Who never inquires into the mystery of manufacture to try to learn the details of its construction. Most of our libraries are replete with books which we have received at the hands of generous government, and yet we treat these volumes with scorn and contumely. We jeer at the foot-slogologist who had chased the large green worm from tree to tree, in order that we may be wise. We speak sneeringly of the man who stuffs the woodcock and paints the gaudy wings of the squash bug that we may know how often she ovates.

Year after year the entomologist treads the same weary road with his bait-box tied to his waist, wading to his laboratory the army worm and the sleep-seal larva in order that we, poor particles on the surface of the great earth, may know how these minute creatures rise, flourish and decay.

Then the public printer throws in his case, rubs his finger and thumb over a lamp of alum, takes a chew of tobacco and puts in type these words of wisdom from the lips of gray-bearded savants, that knowledge may be scattered over the broad republie. Patiently he goes on with the click of type, anon in an absorbed way, while we, gay, thoughtless mortals wear out the long summer day at a basket-picnic, with deft fingers selecting the large red ant from our cold

## THE BIGGEST LIAR ON LONG ISLAND.

New York World.

He got on the front platform of a car going to the cemetery. Under his left arm he held a paper box of flowers, and in his mouth was stuck a nickel-plated pipe, from which, ever and anon, fumes of tobacco smoke stole through the open door, gyrating under the nose of a passenger in black, causing him to beat the air with his hand, as if driving off Jersey mosquitoes.

The conductor, after treading on a policeman's corn and tripping over several wreaths, reached the front platform.

"Say, you there! Put that pipe out, or I'll ate ye!"

The man struck the bowl of the pipe on the dash-board, sending the sparks over the hands of the driver.

"Conductor, you oughtn't talk to a man like that when he's buried in sorrow. No, sir, you oughtn't"; and he came into the car and crowded himself in a seat between a middle-aged man and a thin woman.

"The going to the cemetery with these dowers," he remarked to the middle-aged man. "I have three wives out there; every year I make this journey. This rose I raised in the dower-pot that Rebecca used to fire around when she was here on earth, poor soul. She was as good a woman as ever wore a corset. Very fond of flowers, too. Co-t me more for her bonnets than the other two put together. She just wore a hangin' garden of Babylon on every bonnet she wore, Rebecca did. This dower they call a camelier."

"A camellia," spoke the middle-aged passenger, feeling that he ought to say something.

"It's for the grave of my third wife. She read a book called 'Camille,' and seen the play lots of times. She coughed herself into a consumption. Her stronghold was in imitatatin' the heroine in all the books she read. Every day I'd come home she'd have a new name for what she got out of a novel. She could write poetry, but I don't think that bring on the consumption, though."

"She was your last?"

"You bet I'm not in the market any more. Retired from the marrying business, so to speak. She read all about Blue Beard, and was terribly uneasy about goin' before me," he continued.

"Any flowers for the grave of your second wife?"

"She was a strong-minded woman, talked about woman's sphere and all that. Hated flowers bad. Why, she killed my first wife's canary, sold the second-hand organ I'd bought and wouldn't have a flower around her."

"Why are you going to put flowers on her grave now?"

"Not for love. Not much. I never could call my soul my own when she lived. I had to consult her about what I should put on every mornin'!"

"Still you will decorate her grave?"

"I do it for spite. When she lived I didn't spite her. Oh, no. When I put these flowers on her grave I know it'll make her turn in her grave with anger. Not for love, just for spite." The man tucked up his box under his arm and got out.

The conductor came in and hung to the strap as he said: "I suppose that fellow that got out was doing some more of his lyin'. I seen him talkin' to you. He's the biggest liar on Long Island. He's a sort of bum that works for a nursery man down here. Although he's rode on this car a hundred times, he always starts the passengers with different tales."

"He told me he has three wives buried!"

"Three grandmothers. The fellow had but one wife, and she left him long ago. Them flowers belong to his boss, the nursery man."

"How he could slander women as he did," ejaculated the thin lady passenger as she wiped the dust from her brow with a black-bordered silk handkerchief.

## GULL AND PELICAN.

HOW THE PONDEROUS, CLUMSY PELICAN ENTERTAINS ITS MORE ENTERPRISING NEIGHBOR.

John F. Coryell in Scientific American.

The pelican is a ponderous, clumsy bird, with a body as large as a swan's, but with enormous wings which enable it to fly with ease and power and almost with grace. The head, which is almost all bill, is not pretty, but, what is better, it is eminently useful, for it combines fish spear and lunch basket in one. The upper part of the bill terminates in a hook which is fatal to a fish, and the lower part is armed with an elastic pouch, into which the captured prey are deposited until desired for eating.

As it has large webbed feet and swims well, it catches a great many fish just as the ducks do; but it also has a very picturesque way of capturing its finny prey. It sails majestically over the water at a considerable height above it, glancing sharply about for victims in the transparent element below, until, catching a glimpse of one favorably disposed for capture, it launches itself straight downward, and with bill projecting and wings folded cleaves the air like a bolt, transfixing the fish, and by the impetus of its fall disappears under the water, to return to the surface, however, with all the buoyancy of a cork, and with the quarry comfortably tucked away for future reference.

Having labored earnestly in this way until its pouch is full, the pelican seeks a long low ledge of rocks, and there in company with his fellows takes up his

position in solemn earnestness to enjoy the fruits of his toil. A skillful toss of the head shoots a fish from the reservoir into the throat, and a gulp sends it on its way into the stomach. A little time for the pleasurable sensation of digestion, and again the head is tossed.

And so the game is played with regularity by the whole grotesque line. The long heads are sometimes turned about and rested on the shoulders pointing backward, or more frequently are held pointing vertically downward.

Although a large and clumsy creature the pelican is not necessarily stupid; but by dint of frequent tossing of the well-laden pouch it becomes at once gorged and dull, and then is the golden opportunity of the gull.

He impudently alights upon the very head of his victim, and waits patiently until the pelican receives warning from within that another fish is wanted. Up goes the bill, open gapes the awful mouth, out shoots a doomed fish—not into the ready throat, however, but into the waiting bill of the gull, which has adroitly twisted its head so that it can see all that is exposed of the pelican's internal economy, and has snatched the morsel and flown with a wild scream of laughter to eat it at its leisure, if indeed a gull ever had such a state of being.

The pelican is almost too stupid to know that it has been robbed, but the gull gives every evidence of enjoying the trick very little less than the booty, for its farewell shriek sounds derisive enough for the evil one himself.

## AN ALL-ABSORBING METROPOLIS.

New York Tribune.

The discussion in The Tribune of the union of New York and Brooklyn as one great city recalled to an old citizen, who

# THE DAILY BULLETIN.

THURSDAY EVE., AUGUST 23, 1883.



**OUR AGENTS.**—The following persons are the authorized agents for the DAILY BULLETIN at the places named. Contracts for subscription or advertising may be made with them:

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**7,464**

The above number represents the circulation, each week of the DAILY and WEEKLY BULLETIN. Advertisers are invited to call and assure themselves of the truth of the statement, and they are requested to bear in mind that our rates for advertising are the lowest.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**Judge of the Court of Appeals.**  
We are authorized to announce that Hon. RICHARD HEDD as a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals to succeed Judge Thos. F. Hargis in the First Appellate district of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce that Judge ROBERT RIDDELL, of Estill county, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals in the First Appellate District of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

CAPT. T. D. MAKEM, editor of the Catlettsburg Democrat, is a candidate for Assistant Clerk of the House.

THE Charleston, S. C., News and Courier reports great injury to the cotton by drought, and greater injury threatening the upland crop.

"This and That," of the Courier-Journal, is taking a leading hand in developing Kentucky poetry. He has lately made "Memphis airy" rhyme with "Heeditary," which shows what true genius can do when it buckles down to solid work.

WILLIAM W. HOLDEN, ex-governor of North Carolina, publishes a card announcing his withdrawal from the Republican party, and saying that he is not a member of the liberal party. This apparently leaves him nowhere if not with the Democracy.

The Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts will meet at Springfield on September 25. The State Committee has chosen Charles Levi Woolbury to be chairman of the committee on Resolutions and Chas. P. Thompson, of Gloucester, to preside over the convention.

INVITATIONS to attend the inauguration of Governor-elect Knott will be sent to the President and his Cabinet, the Governors of all the States, to many representative men in each political party, and members of Congress, the Legislature, Mayors of cities, etc. The number of invitations sent out will exceed 1,000.

THE Mother Hubbard dress is all right in its place, but that place being on a four-year-old child. But donned by persons much above that age it looks very much like a night gown. Bracken Bulletin.

That's no objection—on the contrary it is the secret of its present popularity in this city. The next thing now is to adorn the manly forms of our fashionable youth with male Mother Hubbard costumes and the mission of that picturesque dress will be completed.

## Another Name.

*Ed. Bulletin:*—In your onslaught upon the hog, you have overlooked a more pestiferous nuisance, and one that benefits nobody; and that is the "game rooster." I don't know how it is with you, but in our neighborhood they seem to be the pet bird of the family. If you want to be a benefactor to your race, please let the poor hog rest in its wallow awhile, and turn your attention to the aforesaid pest, and should you succeed in drawing the attention of the City Council to the matter, and have them banish the rooster with the hog to the country where it was intended they should live, you will deserve to get rich by the "BULLETIN" and have that sheet perpetuated, until it will be like a piece of lost manuscript. I read of a short time since made invaluable by its antiquity. Put yourself in my place, wooing morpheus for that sweetest of all luxuries, a morning nap, have one of these pests mount a goods box or the roof of a neighboring coal shed, and in clarion notes keeps up a perpetual motion for three solid hours, and all the commiseration in your composition will be stirred to its depths in sympathy for poor "Peter when he denied his Master," for me-thinks the rooster had something to do with it.

A SUBSCRIBER.

## Electric Light Display.

Courier-Journal.

Perhaps no display in the exposition building attracted more notice last night than did that of the United States Electric Light Company. On the north side of the building, near the entrance to the Park, the company has an exhibit that which is a marvel of beauty. It is no less than the representation of a mountain side, over which and from which a cascade of sparkling water falls. The representation is in a small space, but is strikingly realistic and pretty. A stand, surrounded by trees and flowers and covered with stones and moss, has been erected high in the air. Underneath this is a large tank of water, and from this an iron pipe runs up through to the top of the mountain and conveys the water which runs from the mountain side, making a beautiful cascade. Of course there is a motion somewhere to keep the water running, and it is found in a little Weston dynamo just at the rear of the display. The dynamo is run by a large Harris-Corliss engine that is situated away across the large building and the dynamo furnishes the power that runs a rotary pump in the tank and forces the water out over the mountain and down its side. Then, to make the effect more startling and brilliant, the company had the scene brilliantly illuminated and lighted by their incandescent lights. Over the display hangs a beautiful chandelier with thirty-two lights of twenty-five candle-power each. Over each light was a hand-some shade, and no two of them were alike, presenting a pleasing and happy combination of colors.

Again, near the center of the building the company have another display that is lighted by their soft, but brilliant incandescent light, which, unlike most other electric lights, is not at all hurtful to the eye. Here was another brilliant chandelier, with many colored shades, whose lights out shone all those about and around. Not far away from this the company has its plant of eight dynamos, which furnish electricity to all the company's lights in the building save the large one at the Fourth street entrance that shines so bright and attracts so much attention from every one. This is a run by Maxim dynamo. This light is the \$8,000 candle-power and is by far the most intense light in the city and can be seen further than any other. It is claimed that the United States Company's light is superior to any of the electric lights, and the display last night certainly did not suffer by comparison with the other lights.

The company has \$25,000 worth of machinery at the Exposition, and the management says it can, with twenty-four hour's notice, furnish more light than is in the whole building.

## Strayed Away.

Detroit Free Press.

The young man with two watchchains across his vest boarded a Woodward avenue car at eleven o'clock yesterday afternoon. Among the passengers was an old woman who had been inquiring about taking the Bay City train at the crossing. She looked across at the young man with great interest for a minute or two, and then said:

"Your time must be very valuable, young man."

He bowed and mumbled something which she could not catch, and leaving forward, she asked:

"I suppose one of them watches is for when you go down, and the other for when you come up, eh?"

He shifted around to look out of the window, and seemed somewhat vexed at his want of courtesy, she continued:

"Seems to me it would be cheaper to hitch an eight-day clock to your shirt bosom."

He didn't reply to that, either, and tapping him on the knee with the handle of the umbrella, she inquired:

"Young man, I want to catch the Bay City train."

"Yes'm."

"What time is it by all your watch-chains?"

"I—about eleven!" he stammered.

"You didn't look. Come, now, here's an old bull's eye that's been in the family forty-eight years and never had an inch of brass chain hitched to it. I'll bet it shows the right time nearer than anything you've got."

She hauled out a watch almost as large as a saucer, and rattled it around and waved it about, and as he slid along the seat towards the door, she continued:

"I'd let them chains run down and hitch to your hootstraps! Any young man as will go and toggle himself all up and crisscross his vest with chains and spangles must have got strayed away from some twenty-five-cent store, and wants to be identified and returned. Have you got baked taters hitched to the pocket ends? Say—"

But he dropped off and fell down and got up and got away before she could further abuse him.

A Tennessee exchange says the following placard can be seen in a store in Paris in that State:

Peppermint Tea for  
Headache  
Bellee "  
Tooth "

## RETAIL MARKET.

Corrected daily by G. W. GEISEL, grocer, Second street, Maysville, Ky.

FOUR.

Lime-stone.....\$ 7 00  
Mayville Family.....6 25  
Old Gold.....7 00  
Mason County.....6 25  
Kentucky Mills.....6 00  
Magnolia, new.....5 75  
Butter, 1 lb.....25 39  
Lard, 1 lb.....12 50  
Eggs, per dozen.....12 50  
Meat & Peck.....20  
Baked Beans.....15  
Molasses, fancy.....10  
Cavi Oil, 1 gal.....70  
Sugar, granulated 1 lb.....10  
" " 2 lb.....10  
" " yellow 1 lb.....8 00  
Comb Honey.....15  
Strained Honey.....12 50  
Hams, sugar cured 1 lb.....16  
Bacon, breakfast 1 lb.....15  
Honey, 1 lb, gallon.....15  
Potatoes, peck, new.....4  
Potatoes, peck, new.....15  
Coffee.....12 50

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# THE DAILY BULLETIN.

THURSDAY EVE., AUGUST 23, 1883.

**ROSSER & McCARTHY,**  
Publishers and Proprietors,  
To Whom Address All Communications

## TO-DAY'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. W. Sparks & Bro.—Unlaundried shirts.  
Samuel E. Parker—bars.  
Joseph Heiser Post—Camp Fire.  
T. A. Cook—Shingles.  
J. F. Brodrick—Insurance notice.



You will find through human nature,  
Though you take it root and branch,  
The hand that spooks the baby  
Is the hand that rules the ranch.  
Not the slightest chance of tricking,  
Not the slightest use for talk;  
When the order comes to travel,  
Just you walk a line of chink.

Now ladies and gentlemen what do you say to a free park at the terminus of the street railway?

MESSES. BIERBOWER & CO. have sold this season something over two hundred gross of glass fruit jars. During the past week the firm disposed of thirty-two cooking stoves.

MR. FRANK R. PHISTER, who has been enterprise enough to offer to supply the public with six street car tickets for twenty-five cents, has sold seventy-five dollars' worth in less than a week.

The stone foundation of the new tobacco warehouse on Front street is the work of Mr. J. F. Moran, and is one of the best in the city. Five hundred perchers of stone were used in its construction.

MRS. MAGGIE ARCHEACOS is receiving every day the latest and most desirable millinery goods for the fall trade. The ladies are invited to call and see the stock now on hand. Her prices are very low.

J. W. SPARKS & CO. are offering what is guaranteed to be the best fifty cent unlaundried shirt in the city. Unlike other cheap shirts it is well made, of good material and is warranted to wear and give satisfaction.

On next Wednesday night, August 29th, A. H. Ransom, of Covington, Grand Lecturer and Instructor of the I. O. O. F. of the State of Kentucky, will visit Ringgold Lodge No. 27, of this city. All the members are earnestly requested to be present, and a cordial invitation is extended to all the Old Fellows of the city, and to all lodges of our neighboring towns.

A SERVICEABLE suit of boy's clothing, of good material and well made may be had at Hechinger Bros. & Co.'s for three dollars, while suits of the best quality of goods, made in superior style, and of fashionable cut, may be had for from seven to twelve dollars. The prices named are rare bargains. We are able to make that statement after a personal inspection of these goods.

The fire alarm yesterday afternoon was caused by one of the spindles at the cotton mills igniting from friction. The fire spread to some loose cotton, and Miss Lizzie Cullen, who was working near the machine, fainted in the midst of the flames, but was saved by her fellow workmen before she received any injury. There was no damage done to the machinery or any part of the mill.

The following notice of the death of Wm. Criswell, a tenant on a farm at Carrollton, Mo., belonging to Col. Richard Dawson, is from the Cincinnati Enquirer of the 19th inst. The deceased has relatives in Brown county, Ohio:

Yesterday Wm. Criswell, who lives on the Dick Dawson farm, in the bottom, was plowing corn all day. At sundown he came into the house and proceeded to the stable to put away his mules. He had unharnessed one and was removing the harness from the other, when one of the mules kicked him in the breast, resulting in his death in about thirty minutes afterward. The stable is located about fifty yards from the house, and Mrs. Criswell says she heard the blow distinctly. She at once started to her husband and met him coming to the house, to which he succeeded in walking alone, but lived only a few minutes after reaching his bed.

For the new telephone line which promises to be of such benefit to the business interests of Maysville, the public is indebted mainly to Col. Frank S. Owens and Mr. Henry C. Barkley, who have actively interested themselves in the enterprise for several months past, and the fact that their names are connected with it, is assurance that it is what it purports to be—a public convenience for the benefit of this city. There is no clique, or ring, or any special interest to subserve beyond supplying the people with an easy and economical method of communication with the towns in the interior part of the State. That it will be an important addition to our business facilities can not be doubted. It is an enterprise that ought, by all means, to be encouraged. Maysville will probably own a majority of the stock, and the affairs of the company will therefore be managed by a board of directors chosen from our own citizens, and that it will be managed profitably is an assured fact.

For the BULLETIN.

### SUMMER ROSES.

BY MINNIE GILMORE.

She leans her cheek upon her hand, a being young and fair,  
While the fragrant summer breezes toy with her golden hair.  
The languid eyes bent on the ground, the blush upon her cheek,  
All tell the olden story, tho' the lips refuse to speak.  
The warm June air is heavy with the incense of the flowers,  
Whose petals fall around her in rich and rosy showers.  
As 'neath the clinging, trellised vines, she sits and dreams away  
The precious, sunny hours, as if life were but a day.  
In her hands are dewy rosebuds, tied with a ribbon blue,  
In her lap lie roses pink and white—there, I have drawn for you  
Her picture, as I saw her on a morning long ago,  
When earth and air and sky, were with beauty all aglow.

That was the last June morning, that, with her midden hands,  
She pulled the garden flowers, for some love's silken bands,  
In tender letters bound her—and girlhood's days were o'er;  
But that smiling budy yonder is the maiden fair of yore.

Yet when the scent of roses floats on the breath of June,  
And the air vibrates with melody, when all the earth's in tune,  
There comes the mem'ry of that day, like a vision fair to see,  
And I dream the years have vanished—she is still a bride to me.

You smile—you "would not know her by the picture" I have drawn?  
Would you guess the mid-day splendor by the cool and dewy dawn?

Would you know the mystery that sleeps in the bosom of the rose,  
By the fragile bud that's swaying with every wind that blows?

They tell me woman keeps, always, in her heart of hearts,  
Some mystery sweet and deep, from which she never parts,  
As the last drop in the roses cup, which common eyes ne'er see,  
Is the sweetest in the chalice, to the nectar-hunting bee.

"A joy forever," was not sung of pretty birds of spring,  
Pale children of the green-wood, with tear-drops glistening,  
That with the breath of summer yield their beauty or their life,  
But the enduring charms that crown such women as my wife.

Maysville, Aug. 18, 1883.

### Telephone Line.

Mr. J. S. Huff, of Carlisle, has been in Maysville for several days securing the stock necessary to establish a telephone line from this city to Carlisle and by branch lines to Mt. Olivet, Helena and intermediate points. He has obtained nearly all the stock he desires in Maysville and expects at an early day to go to work actively constructing the line. The following business men of this city have taken stock in the enterprise: H. C. Barkley, F. S. Owens, Omar Dodson, John N. Thomas, T. J. Chenoweth, H. January, Collins, Ruyi & Co., J. H. Hall & Co., W. W. Holton, J. C. Owens & Co., J. M. Frazee, J. L. Browning, J. James Wood, Hechinger Bros. & Co., N. Cooper, S. S. Riley, J. H. Doison, Thomas Wells, James & Carr, A. Finch, Pearce Bos, J. Barbour, Fred Otto, Harry S. Wood, Rosser & McCarthy.

### Military Election.

The following order, which explains itself, has been received by Capt. E. W. Fitzgerald, of the Emmet Rifles. The members of the company are notified to meet at the time named:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND REGIMENT, K. S. G., August 20th, 1883. }

Special Order No. 18.]

The seven companies composing the First Battalion K. S. G., will, on the 25th day of August, assemble at their respective armories and proceed to the election, by ballot, of a Major for second regiment, by ballot, to be held and no provided by law for the election of company officers, and complete returns the earliest date made by company commandants to the headquarters. By order

JNO. R. ALLEN,

Col. Com'g Second Regiment K. S. G.

### Fire at Fox Springs.

The hotel at Fox Springs was totally destroyed by fire on the night of the 21st instant, several of the inmates barely escaping with their lives. The origin of the fire is, at this time, unknown. The building was insured in one of the companies of which Dr. John T. Fleming, of this

city, is the agent, for \$1,000.

### I. O. O. F. Notice.

Col. A. H. Ransom, Grand I. O. O. F. lecturer of Kentucky, will visit DeKalb Lodge No. 12, this city, next Tuesday evening, August 28th. Let there be a full attendance of all members. Ringgold Lodge, No. 27, is cordially invited. Jno. W. Thompson, Sec'y.

### Bulger's Confession."

This book is now in the hands of the printer, and will be completed on time. As only a limited number will be printed, parties desiring one or more copies should send their orders at once. Price ten cents per copy. Address R. C. McNeely, Maysville, Ky.

A STONE lately placed in the wall in front of Mr. A. A. Wadsworth's residence on the hillside is ten feet in length, eight feet wide, nineteen inches thick and weighs thirteen thousand pounds. It was taken from the quarry of Hon. W. H. Wadsworth.

### PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam M. Hall have returned from Owingsville.

Miss Minnie Levi is visiting Miss Katie Simons, of Market street.

Mrs. Nannie Ireland, of Dayton, O., is visiting her friends at Aberdeen.

Miss Anna Stockton, who has been absent from the city for some time past, is at home again.

Mr. Wilson V. Longridge, of Louisville, was in Maysville yesterday, on his return from the Blue Lick Springs.

Mr. B. A. Wallingford has returned from a visit to Frankfort. Mr. R. P. Pepper, of that city, accompanied him home.

Hou. J. D. Kehoe and wife, after a pleasant visit of several weeks to friends at Kenton and Bellfontaine, Ohio, returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Thomas Dickson is very ill at the residence of Mr. W. H. Wallingford in East Maysville, and her death is momentarily expected. She has been a sufferer from an incurable disease for several years.

### CITY ITEMS.

Advertisements inserted under this heading fee per line for each insertion.

TRY Laughlin's City Butter Crackers.

MARBLE BEAUTIES are not colored.

MARBLE BEAUTIES are not flavored.

SMOKE Marble Beauties, for sale by Geo. T. Wood.

MOSQUITO bars ready-made and made to order at Hunt & Doyle's.

LADIES' and children's Jerseys, all colors and sizes, at Hunt & Doyle's.

DARK ground lawns, yard wide, worth 12¢ per yard, for 5¢, at Hunt & Doyle's.

SEE Hunt & Doyle's \$1.35 heavy black silk for \$1.10 a yard, the best goods you ever bought; for little money.

WALL Paper

Received at Morrison & Kackley's to-day. A large and attractive line for the fall trade at greatly reduced prices. Call and see them.

MEN'S and BOYS' canvas button and front lace shoes, cheap. Misses side-lace, 75 cents. Ladies opera slippers, \$1. Men's seamed calf bats and congress gaiters, London toe, \$1.50, and a large stock of boots and shoes to suit any one. Call and investigate.

A. S. R. BURGESS HAS BUGHT THE STOCK OF FINE GOODS at Bassett & Nollie, and will continue the business at the same stand, will close out the following goods regardless of cost:

500 PIECES OF DRESS - GOODS

AT half their original cost. ALL WOOL EMPRESS CLOTHES in good shades for 25 cents per yard. ALL WOOL FILLING JEANS, extra heavy and good colors, worth 50 cents, for 35 cents per yard. A large lot of

GOOD STYLES IN DRESS GINGHAMS

FOR 8¢ cents per yard. Also a large lot of splendid prints for 5 cents per yard. A lot of RIBBONS, nice colors, at half cost. Regular in Fleece and Little LADIES' WHITING, worth 50 cents per pair, for 40 cents. MISSES' REGULAR MADE WHITE COTTON HOSE, worth 50 cents per pair, for 40 cents. MISSES' HOSE for 5 cents per pair. MEN'S SEAMLESS HALF HOSE, extra weight and good colors, 35 cents per pair. BATH TOWELS, large and heavy, for 30 cents per pair. Just received, a full supply of

DON'T fill the system with quinine in the effort to prevent or cure fever and ague. Ayer's Ague cure is a far more potent preventive and remedy, with the advantage of leaving in the body no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache and other disorders. The proprietors warrant it.

CAMP FIRE.—Joseph Heiser Post, No. 13, G. A. R., will have a Camp Fire on Saturday night, August 29, 1883, in Chester. In addition to the Camp Fire there will be erected a large platform for dancing, Prof. Venie's String Band is engaged and will be there. Good order will be maintained, and everybody is invited to attend. A sutler's tent filled with choice refreshments will be one of the features of the occasion. A good time is promised all who may come.

n23 l3t

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**A BIG YIELD OF POTATOES.**

San Luis Obispo (Cal.) Tribune.  
About 1855 or 1856 a man by the name of Parker, who lived on the Mokelumne river, in San Joaquin county, made oath before the commissioners of the San Joaquin Agricultural society that he had raised 2,500 bushels of potatoes on an acre. The story was so astonishing that a committee was appointed to investigate it. They reported that the ground was planted as usual in the spring, and matured a large crop of potatoes; that before the potatoes were dug the June rise of the river sent the water near to the surface, producing a second crop on the surface, the ground being nearly covered with the potatoes. When the waters went down, a month or two later, a third crop set in and matured below the first. The committee dug several hills which produced from seventy-five to eighty-seven pounds each. The top potatoes were sunburned and worthless for the table; the first crop was, of course, worthless, and but a small quantity of the lower, or third crop, was good. The digging and weighing of the potatoes were not very carefully done. A close estimate would probably have reduced the figures considerably; but no one who examined the field placed the yield at less than 1,200 bushels to the acre. The ground was utterly exhausted, producing nothing for some years after the world. In it were a peck and a half of corn and a grip-sack. The latter held a broad-new Confederate brigadier's uniform and Mahone's commission as a brigadier general in the army of the Confederate States of America. I gave the corn to my horse, the uniform to my little servant, whom it fitted to a nicely, and some day I'm going to give the commission to Mahone. It's in my desk now."

BOSTON WORKING WOMEN.

Lillian Whiting.

A week or two ago I had a young lady guest over from New York who had never passed much time in Boston, and knew little of its life. She went about in a state of perpetual amazement at the contrast in the working people—well, we are all working people, but you know what I mean—at the contrast between them here and in New York. I am—or I used to be—in the same state of astonishment in New York for the same reason. My friend was inclined to doubt the evidence of her senses when she saw street car conductors and drivers in perfectly neat and irreproachable attire, and whose manners and whose English were alike good. So in our stores. I am actually appalled in New York at the impertinence, the utter rudeness, of some of the sales-women. Here there is seldom a marked difference between the lady behind the counter who sells and the one before it who buys. As a usual thing the ladies of the house are refined, educated and largely accomplished women. For instance, Miss Ford, the head of the suit department in one establishment, is an excellent French scholar, and when the party from this house were in Paris last summer it was she who responded (in French) at a breakfast given them by some Parisian dignitary, whose name I do not now recall. These women are, on an average, fully equal in attainments to the teachers in the public schools; but they have made a selection of a business life and they elevate the life.

HE WAS CAUGHT IN A STORM.

New York special: Annie B. Crandell's suit against Wm. S. Quinn for damages for breach of promise of marriage was tried to-day. Miss Crandell testified that she became acquainted with Quinn in 1874 at Glasgow, N. Y., that he frequently called on her the following winter while she was at her sister's in Brooklyn, and that in the summer of 1875, at her father's house in New Baltimore, Green county, he was a frequent visitor, and promised to marry her. Four years afterward he married Sarah J. Folsey. In one of his letters to her, addressed to "My own, beloved darling, my Annie," he wrote: "Bleak and stormy was the night when I asked if you would love me. Yet the storm brought forth the answer, 'Yes,' which made me the happiest of men. It seemed to bring me nearer, my love, to you, and you know that is where I wish to be, my darling. After a stormy night I first met you at Glasgow. Was it not after a stormy night I first asked you to be mine?" It seems to be that there is something in the elements conducive to our good! Mr. Quinn did not deny that he promised to marry Miss Crandell, but claimed that the engagement was terminated by mutual agreement. The jury gave Miss Crandell a verdict for \$15,000.

SINGULAR ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENON IN MONTANA.

Heaven Herald.

Sudden, as I stood looking over the vast expanse beneath, I saw myself confronted by the monster figure of a man standing in mid-air before me upon the top of a clearly defined mountain peak which had but the thin air of the valley below for a resting place. The figure was only a short distance from me. Around it were two circles of rainbow light and color, the outer one faintly defined as compared with the inner one which was bright and clear and distinctly iridescent. Around the head of the figure was a beautiful halo of light, and from the figure itself shot rays of colors normal to the body. The sight startled me more than I can now tell. I threw up my hands in astonishment, and perhaps some little fear, and at this moment the spectre seemed to move toward me. In a few minutes I got over my fright, and then, after the figure had faded away, I recognized the fact that I had enjoyed one of the most wonderful phenomena of nature. Since then I have seen it once or twice from Jeff Davis Peak, but it never created such an impression upon me as it did that evening.

# Frank R. Phister's

## LATE FRAME IMPORTATIONS.

Cabinet, Ebony and Colored Satin, Painted Mat.....	\$1 00
Cabinet, Ebony and Colored Plush, Painted Mat.....	1 50
Cabinet, all Gold, two Colors.....	1 00
" Scarlet Plush, Silk Embroidered..	1 00
" Peacock Blue, Silk Embroidered.	1 00
" Scarlet Plush, Sanded Gold Bands	1 00
" " " Satin Puffed Corner	1 00
" " " Star-shape opening	1 25
" Embossed Flower, Velvet 4 col...	1 25
" " " Velvet Com'n.	1 50
" Rich Plush, Sanded Gold Bands....	1 50
" " " Bars.....	1 50
" Combination Plush and Gold.....	1 50
" Satin and Velvet, eight styles.....	50
" Ebony and Colored Satin.....	75
Photo, Velvet Frame, Metallic Rim.....	15
" Plush Embossed Metallic Rim .....	35

Do not fail to call and look at these Frames. Any of the above sent by mail anywhere on receipt of price and postage. These goods have just been received and will be sold in the next few days. Send all orders and communications to Frank R. Phister, Maysville, Ky.

DO YOU WANT TO RIDE? \$1.00 FOR THIS WEEK ONLY!

Frank R. Phister will give you a Street Car Ticket with every cash purchase of

## FRANK R. PHISTER,

Maysville, Ky.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS EDUCATIONAL.

#### COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, BALTIMORE, MD.

The practical advantages of this school are unsurpassed. Classes held at City Hospital, Mater Dei and Maryland Women's Hospital, the Medical, Dental, Physiological and Chemical Laboratory work required of every student. Apply for a catalog to DR. THOMAS C. DEAN, 39, N. Carey street.

#### THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, PE

Fuition free to everybody but Law Students. This institution will open its next session 27th September, 1883.

The course is complete, the faculty is large and efficient.

The terms are very moderate.

The whole institution is open to both sexes.

For catalogues and information apply to

Geo. A. T. Stewart, Chancellor, 11, M. SULLIVAN, Secretary.

#### STUART'S FEMALE COLLEGE

opens its Forty-fifth annual Session Sept. 3, 1883. Persons having daughters to educate will do well to examine its catalogue before sending it to our school.

ADVANTAGEOUS FIRST-CLASS; LOCATION HEALTHFUL; TERMS MODERATE. For catalogues address

W. H. STUART, Principal, Shelbyville, Ky.

INVENTS—No publicity; residents of Ky., State, Deseret, Non-support. Address W. H. LEF, Atty., 239 W'way, N. Y.

Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10, Spruce St., N. Y.

14,500 Boxes sold in a year by ONE DRUGGIST of

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

Act Directly on the Liver.

CURSE CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, GALL-STONES, CONSTIPATION, SWELLING, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORpid LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO TAKE A SINGE PILL AT BED-TIME. STIMULATES THE STOMACH, RESTORES THE APPETITE, IMPARTS VIGOR TO THE SYSTEM.

MADE BY R. E. SELLERS & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

25c a Box.

R. E. SELLERS & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Is the best place to get bargains in—

DRY GOODS.



A. R. GLASCOCK & CO.,

Is the best place to get bargains in—

DRY GOODS.

# MAYSVILLE FAIR.

RARE ATTRACTIONS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday,  
September 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 1883.

## \$6,000 IN PREMIUMS.

### Trotting Races, Foot Races, Sack Races,

### Running Races, Bicycle Races, Mule Races.

\*LIBERAL PREMIUMS ON ALL AGES AND CLASSES OF SHOW STOCK.\*  
\$200 ON FINEST BABY, \$60 ON TOBACCO  
\$50 ON WHEAT, \$30 ON BUTTER.

Other articles in proportion. The management have determined that it shall no longer be thought that this is not of interest to the farmer stock raiser and mechanic. They have added every attraction and hope the large number of visitors of sustaining the enterprise. EVERYBODY WILL BE ADMITTED AT HALF PRICE IN THE FIRST DAY. WITH PROGRAMME. J. W. WATSON, President.  
J. D. KEHOE, Secretary.

## SPECIAL NOTICE!

TO AGRICULTURISTS AND OTHERS.

REAPER and MOWER season having passed, and to make room for a large number of

## WHEAT DRILLS, BUGGIES, &c.,

we have determined to offer FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY, commencing July 21st,

## FARM WAGONS,

Queen of the Harvest FAN MILLS,  
Corn Shellers and Straw Cutters,

AT UNPRECEDENTED LOW PRICES. ALL ARE INVITED TO CALL.

## MYALL, RILEY & PORTER,

July 1st Nos. 7, Second, and 18, Sutton Streets, MAYSVILLE, KY.

## NEW FIRM.

## NEW GOODS.

## BIERBOWER & CO.,

(Successors to A. J. EGAN & CO.) G. W. Tudor's old stand, No. 39 Market street, Maysville, Kentucky, announce to the public that having purchased the interest of A. J. Egan & Co., will conduct the Stove and Tin business at the old stand of G. W. Tudor on Market street, Maysville, Ky. The new firm is composed of practical men of long experience and first-class workmen. The best brands of

## STOVES and TINWARE

will be constantly kept on hand at the LOWEST PRICES. Roofing and other like work done in the best manner and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Attic and porch safes and all sorts of iron work will receive close attention to the wants of our customers.

All debts owing by the late firm of A. J. Egan & Co., will be paid by us and all claims due said firm are payable to us by the terms of the purchase. Yours respectfully,

BIERBOWER & CO.

I highly recommend the above-named firm, and would be pleased to have my old customers and friends buy their wares in preference. Respectfully, (much good will), G. W. TUDOR.

## THE BEST PLACE

TO BUY—

## STOVES, GRATES, MANTELS, TINWARE, ETC.,

IS AT—

## Blatterman & Power's.

### OUR SPECIALTIES.

Lates and most in proved styles of Cooking and Heating Stoves, made of W. Steel, V. of hot blast charcoal fire, warranted not to have single ounce of scrap in them. These stoves, of course, wear the longest.

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS of all kinds in the best quality.

PERIODICALS, ICE CREAM PRECISELY AS IS NO CONSIDERATION BEYOND THE CAPACITY OF THE TRADE, AND THIS IS SO CLOSELY GUARANTEED.

LETTER JACKER WASHING MACHINE—Simple, Cheap and Effective. Best made.

QUEEN OF THE WEST WATER DRAWER, which saves half of the labor of drawing water from a well or cistern.

EARLY BREAKFAST COOKING STOVE, which is admitted by all who have used it to have no superior. Call and see. Call and see us whether you wish to buy or not.

april 30th

BLATTERMAN & POWER.

## SIMMONS'

## MEDICATED WELL-WATER.

A Specific for Dyspepsia and Diseases of the Kidneys.

Has been used with most gratifying success in many obstinate cases. Prof. F. W. Clark, professor of Chemistry at the University of Michigan, has tested its virtues to the same class with that of the Alleghany Springs, of Virginia, the medicinal virtues of which are too well known to be stated here.

Those who desire to try this famous water are referred to Captain C. W. Boyd, Leavenworth, Mo.; Captain C. M. Holloway, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. J. Rupe, Cincinnati, Ohio. For sale in half barrels and jugs by

GUS. SIMMONS, Aberdeen, Ohio.

m23d&wt

## HERMANN LANGE WATCHES

## WATCHE

ALL Goods and Work WARRANTED.

Number 43, Second street, three doors below Market street, Maysville, Ky.

applied

## PIANO MANUFACTORY.

## F. L. TRAYSER,

Dealer in first-class.

## PIANOS AND ORGANS.

ALL INSTRUMENTS WARRANTED!

PIANOS TUNED AND REPAIRED!

Front Street, Maysville.